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Brown, Edward Holmes
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THE WORD

WRITTEN BY EULIS pseud.

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To One who dwells in God's Rose Garden,
Again Youth with Vigor and Life;
To One, her work here on earth ended,
Who hath passed away beyond strife;
For the work she did goes on forever,
Being blessed by the King, whom she loved.

THE PRINCE

To Those Who Know,
'Tis needless to say
That Truth, for Herself,
Doth witness alway.

To those who know not;
If they seek, they shall find,
If they seek in the Silence
Of the Infinite Mind.

Away from all Noises
That deafen the Earth,
Outdinning each other,
The Christ child finds Birth.

EULIS

Received by the Fraternity of the Rosy Cross
From the Hierarchy of Eulis:
And printed for the Children of the Rosy Cross
By request of the Grand Master.

THE FATHER

Everybody has Me;
Few keep Me.
I can hide away;
But am never lost.

THE SON

The Macrocosm createth the microcosm
In Its own image; and findeth it Good.
In the Beginning the Buddha, the Christ child, the Word
Live now and forever, waiting Conception and Birth.

THE HOLY FAMILY

BELOVED, the LOGOS hath Spoken
O'er the Waters that flow out from Space;
And the Harmony lingers Within me,
Where the Voice of the Silence makes place.

Of the WORD a little I give you,
Whose Hearts are attuned to the Sound,
Lest the Passage of Time, on its Journey,
Render void all the Echoes around.

Now the Voice of the Silence abideth
In the Midst of the Heart of the Rose;
Where the Rose, with its Petals unfolding,
Lifts its Eyes to the Wonders of God.

And the Message, that cometh so gently,
Lifts the Soul to the Top of the Mount;
Where the Two that are One alone standeth;
And the Four that are Two, become One.

In the Beginning I AM; and IS, always,
Above all Appearance of Time;
For that which I AM, IS Eternal;
And marketh the Progress of Man.

That I hide away close to you ever,
Yet never from View am I lost;
Is a Secret of Nature about you,
A Secret oft told by the Cross.

'Tis true that all of you have Me;
Yet, to keep Me, means Effort to Win:
For I may not be won without Effort,
Effort to keep Pure Within.

And now my Message I'll tell you:
'Tis made of Pure Gold from the Rose;
From the Rose that beareth a Jewel
That only the Pure in Heart know.

Did you know that the War of the Roses,
Of Roses, one Red and one White,
Still lingers among us of earth life;
Though kept in our Hearts, out of sight?

Did you know that the Red Rose of Passion
Oft crusheth the White Rose of Love;
Though the Red Rose, in Perfect Expression,
Gives Life to the White Rose above?

That the White Rose, shorn of its Pallor
By the Blush of the Red Rose below,
Gives Life to the Jewel within it,
A life which sparkles and glows?

Glows with a Glory of Color,
A Color whose Secret I hold;
'Tis a Stone, of which I am speaking,
Whose Touch turneth all things to Gold.

Shall it be that the Truth of the Roses
Be prisoned by Will of one man;
By patent, copyright, trademark,
Held back from One in the Land?

Would you struggle among you for Honor,
The Honor of Teaching the World
The Mysteries hidden from Ages,
The Stone, the Cross, and the Gold.

'Tis the Queen of the Roses bespeaks you,
The Queen of the True Rosy Cross,
From out the Great Silence of Ages,
Once more, She, again, has found Voice.

And the Voice, that now tries to reach you,
Is the Murmur of One on Her Breast,
Of One held close to Her Bosom;
For, again, She has given Birth.

Lay not too much stress upon Persons;
For, mayhap, they perish from Sight.
Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven;
Where the Fire of Love is alight.

My Kingdom, it lyeth Within you,
A Garden of Roses and Pearls,
A Garden of Eden, it May Be,
With no Curse adrift in the World.

Therein lyeth Seed of All Nations;
And each has its Place in the Son;
That Place for which it is Fitted,
And All of their Work is well done.

No one of them harries another;
Nor seeketh his chattels to own:
No Greed for the Place of his Brother;
But Content to dwell near the Throne.

There Jewels are worn by my Loved Ones,
Each Token declareth its Kind;
So No One mistaketh another;
And All share in Corn and in Wine.

Now Brothers and Sisters, among you
Let the Roses come into their Own;
And Each One shall bear You a Jewel,
Those Jewels that make up the Stone.

It is useless to seek for Me elsewhere;
Though I dwell in All Things and All Space.
'Tis only by seeking Within You,
That We may come Face to Face.

On the Door, that is ready to open,
Knock with Hearts full of Love for your Race:
So enter my Garden of Roses
And Partake of the Elixir of Life.

THE WORD

Let those of All Nations,
All Races, All Climes,
Who wish Peace on Earth,
Good will toward Mankind,
Prepare for the Awakening
That Soon is to come;
When the War, that now Rages,
Its Purpose hath done.

THE FRATERNITY

Lo: I AM with You alway,
Even unto the End of the World.

JESUS

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